THE
Diſconſolate Swain.

A New SONG.

BRIGHT Nymph, I hope you will forgive,
A loyal hearted ſwain;
Refuſe not his addreſſes,
He dies if you diſdain:
If you don't return his love,
He will diſtracted rove;
And carve your name on every tree,
In Mr, Morehead's Grove,

At night when all is ſleeping,
I'm thinking on the fair,
I ſpend my time in weeping,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and care,
Still praying to the Gods above,
That ſhe may kinder be,
And that ſhe would unlink my chain,
And gain my liberty.

Whatever I delight in,
I am no longer bleſt,
Since none but charming Nancy,
My wounded heart can eaſe:
She is my ſoul's deſire,
Her heavenly ſmiles can cure
Thoſe heart affecting torments
I for her ſake endure.

Since all my ſkill and muſick
Can't win the fair one's heart,
I will ſail away to foreign lands,
In hopes to eaſe my ſmart:
It is to cruel Nancy I
Will leave before I go,
And all my drooping comfort is,
My fiddle and my bow.